

MARVEL

1

ED BRISSON - NETHO DIAZ - BELARDINO BRABO - ERICK ARCINIEGA

PREDATOR



PREDATOR: THE PRESERVE

PART 1 OF 5



WRITER: ED BRISSON
PENCILER: NETHO DIAZ



INKERS: BELARDINO BRABO
WITH VICTOR NAVA
COLORIST: ERICK ARCINIEGA



LETTERER: VC's CLAYTON COWLES
COVER: GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI
& RICHARD ISANOVE













PREDATOR

1987: In Central America, an elite mercenary team is stalked by a Predator, hunting them for sport. Only one member of the team survives and manages to kill the Predator.

1997: A Predator comes to Los Angeles to hunt gang members involved in a drug war with the police. Though many were slaughtered, one policeman was able to kill the Predator.

2010: Eight individuals are abducted from Earth and dropped on an unknown planet where they are hunted by three Predators. They come to learn they are being hunted for sport and that the planet is a game preserve.

2018: A Predator crash-lands in America and is apprehended by Project Stargazer for study. It escapes but is killed by another Predator. A group of military criminals are able to defeat and kill the Predator, but only a small number survive.

2056: Humanity is capable of interstellar travel. A group of Astar Industry scientists researching a remote planet for potential human colonization was killed by a Predator. A young girl named Theta Berwick survived and, after fifteen years of hunting, finally murdered the Yautja who had killed her parents.

Now the year is XXXX, and the Predators' games have evolved...

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JEFFREY THOMAS, CAROL ROEDER & NICOLE SPIEGEL AT DISNEY.**



DAMMIT.
WHAT THE 'ELL ARE
THESE THINGS?

KEEP
MOVING!

THEY'RE **HERDING**
US. WE NEED TO
SPREAD OUT.

FIND COVER.
WE NEED TO
REGROUP AND COME
UP WITH A
STRATEGY.

WE
NEED
TO
STOP RUNNING
AND MAKE A
STAND.

THAT'S
WHAT WE
NEED
TO
DO!

SHIT.

YOU DO
WHAT YOU
WANT, BUT I'M
DONE SCREWIN'
AROUND WITH
THOSE THINGS.

IT'S
IN THE
TREES!





GET OFF
OF--



EASY,
MISSY.

I AIN'T
ONE 'A
THEM.



FOLLOW
ME, QUICK
NOW.





FOUND
TWO MORE
STRAGGLERS.

MONSTERS
GOT THE REST
OF 'EM.



OKAY...WHO THE HELL IS EVERYONE,
AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHO
KNOWS WHERE WE ARE AND
HOW WE GOT HERE?

ALLEN.
AND NO
IDEA.

I WAS
JUST DOWN AT
THE PUB.

NEXT THING...
WELL...I DUNNO.
THERE WAS A BRIGHT
LIGHT, THEN I'M
FALLING THROUGH
THE BLEEDIN'
SKY.



I'M BEAU. WAS
IN THE MIDDLE OF A
TRAININ' EXERCISE
AND...SAME AS THE
BRIT. FLASH OF
LIGHT, AND HERE
I AM.



OMAR. I'M A SECURITY
CONSULTANT.

I WAS
IN A DAMNED
DESERT, LAST THING
I REMEMBER. MY
TEAM WAS AMBUSHED,
THEN...I'M
HERE.



KIYOSHI YAKUSBO.
JAPANESE SELF-
DEFENSE FORCES.

WE WERE
RESPONDING TO
AN INCIDENT IN
MATSUE. SAW HALF MY
PLATOON TAKEN
OUT BEFORE...

...SAME AS
THE REST OF
YOU. BRIGHT LIGHT.
PARACHUTE.
ALIENS.











YOU'VE STUDIED THESE THINGS, THEN? YOU'RE LIKE *SCIENTISTS*?

SOLDIERS.
WE NEVER SET FOOT IN THE LAB.

WE ONLY SAW VIDEO AFTER THE FACT.



BUT YOU KNOW HOW TO KILL THEM?



BULLETS.



LOTS AND LOTS OF BULLETS.

THAT, AND A METRIC SHIT TON OF LUCK.



WELL, HELL. I KNOW A PLACE WHERE THERE'S PLENTY OF GUNS AND AMMO...

"...JUST LAYIN'
ABOUT, UNUSED."



THIS IS
GRIM.

WE NEED ALL THE WEAPONS
AND AMMUNITION WE CAN
GET OUR HANDS ON. THE
DEAD WON'T BE NEEDING
THEM.



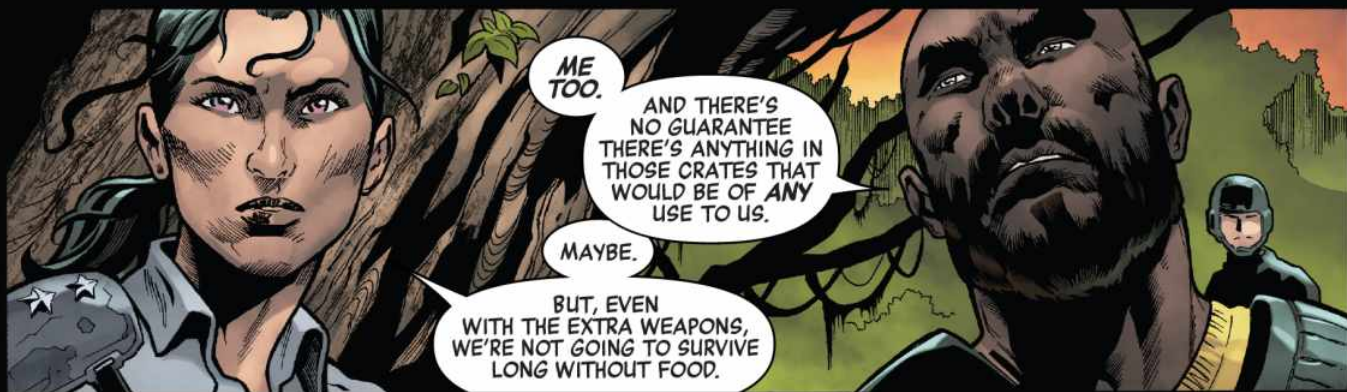
I'M TALKING ABOUT
THOSE BASTARDS TAKING
THEIR HEADS FOR
WHAT--TROPHIES?

IT'S
SICK.



OY...







THAT AIN'T
NO SUPPLY
CRATE.

THEN
WHAT THE HELL
IS IT?



KEEP ME
COVERED, I'LL
CHECK 'ER
OUT.



AIN'T NO
GRUB IN THIS
ONE.



LOOKS LIKE
IT WAS USED
TO TRANSPORT
SOMETHIN' LIVE.





I KNEW
IT WAS A GOT-
DAMNED WASTE
'A TIME TO COME
OUT HERE.

NOW
WE'RE EXPOSED,
AND--

KRAAAARKRIKRI!

BRAKKA
BRAKKA









YOU COULD HAVE KILLED ME WITH THAT!

AYE...



...BUT HE DIDN'T, AND NOW YOU'RE GOOD AS GOLD, AIN'T YA?

FWAK

IS THIS ONE OF THEIRS? THE ONES HUNTING US?

I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE HELL TO THINK ANYMORE.

I DON'T THINK SO.

WE KNOW THEY SOMETIMES USE DOGLIKE CREATURES, LIKE HOUNDS. BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS.

WELL, LOOK WHO DECIDED TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE NOW THAT THE DANGER'S BEEN DEALT WITH.

YOU SURE THAT THING'S DEAD?

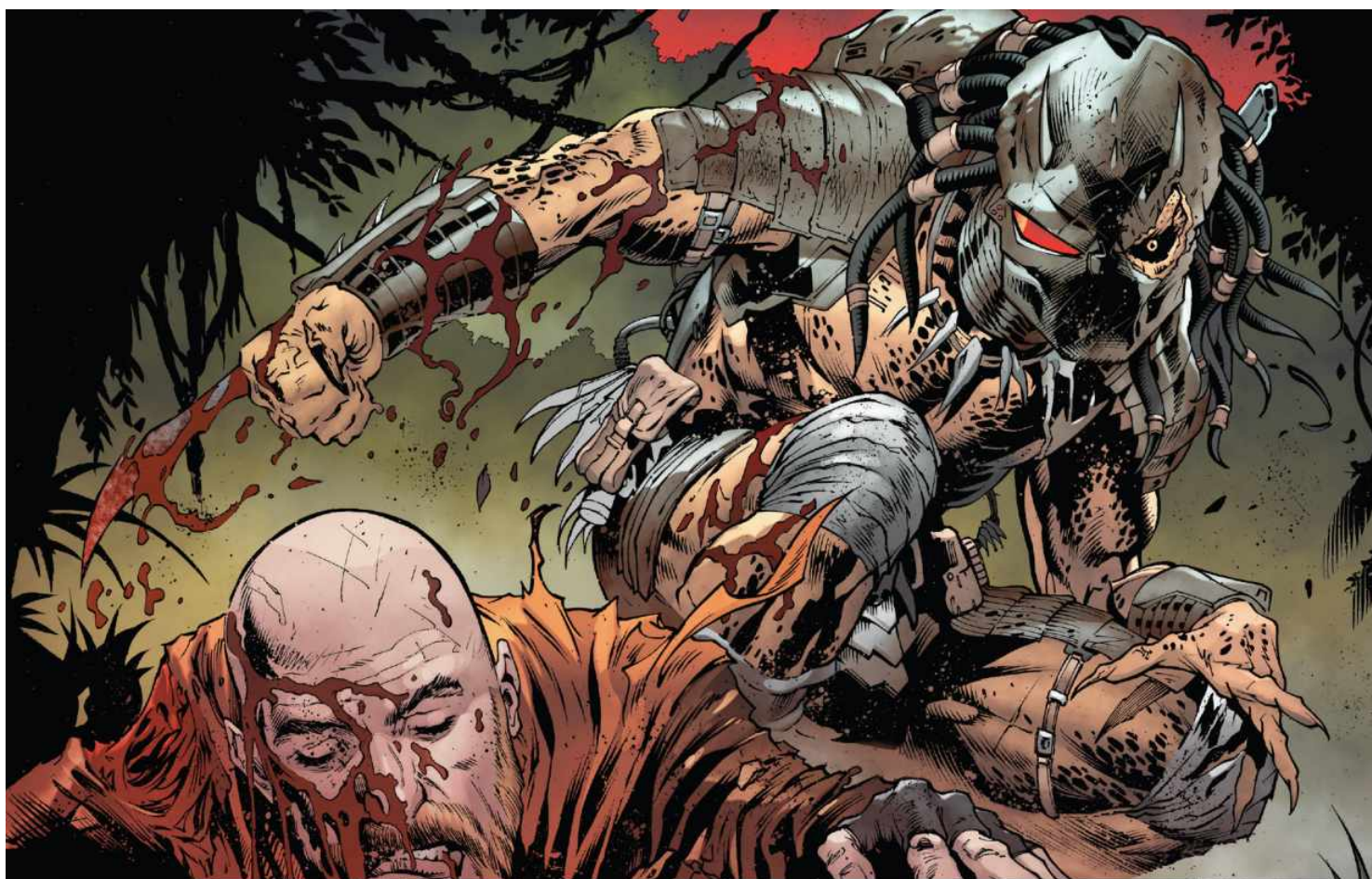
AMAZING.











SON OF A BITCH.

WE CAN'T RUN, WE HAVE TO MAKE A STAND.

WELL, LET'S STOP GABBIN' ABOUT IT AND TAKE DOWN THIS ARSEHOLE.





ARGGGH!

ISLA, WE NEED TO GO NOW, WHILE IT'S DISTRACTED.

WE...



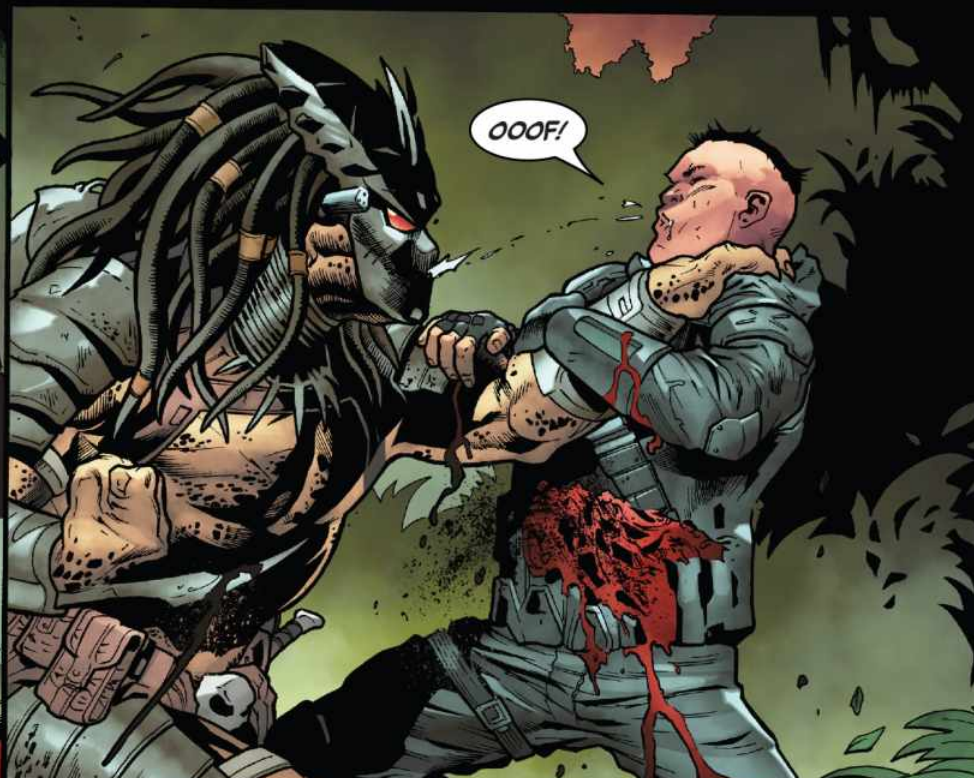
PLEASE, ISLA.

WE NEED TO RUN OR THAT THING IS GOING TO KILL US!



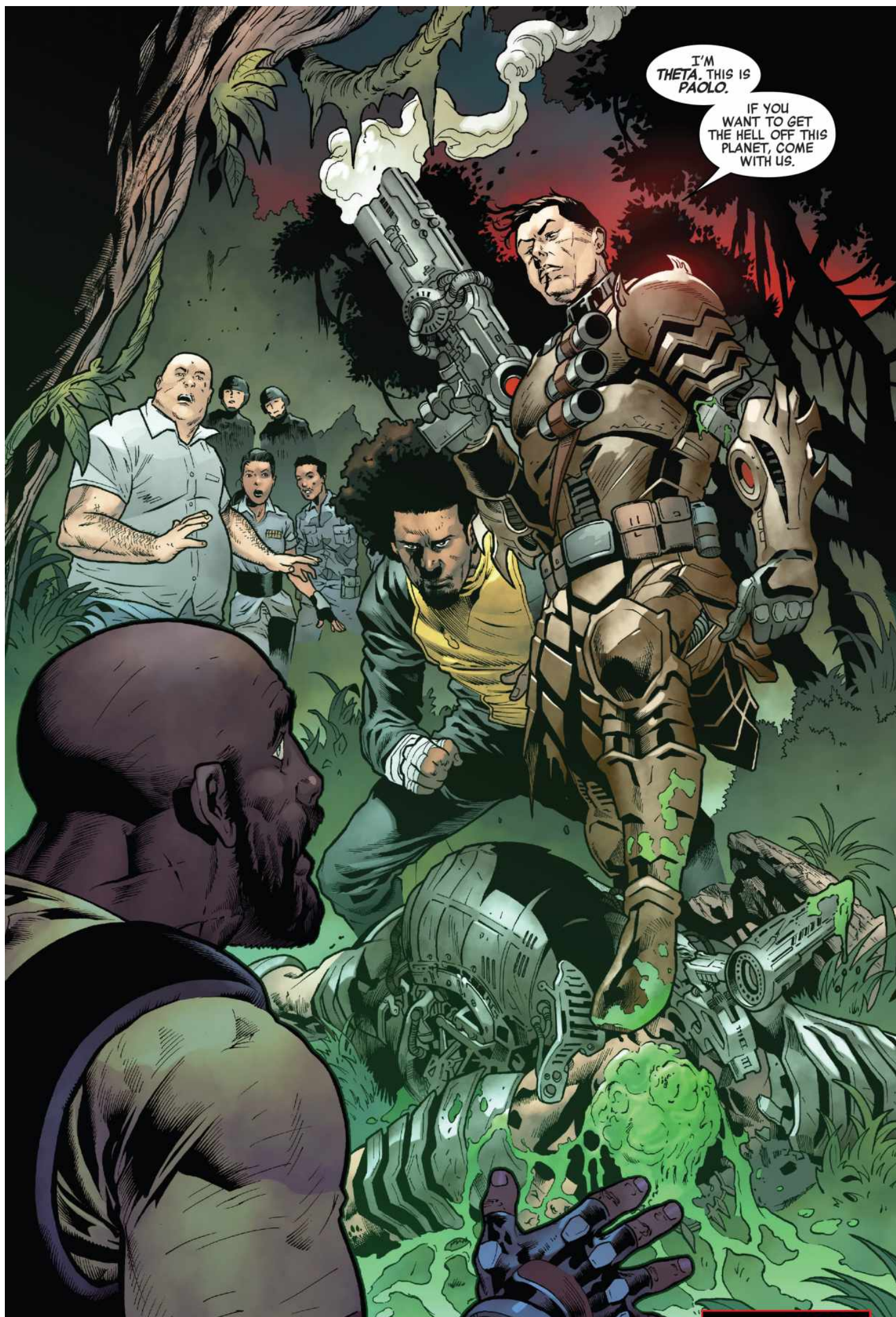
I NEED AN ASSIST OVER HERE!

THIS THING HAS GOT ME PINNED--



OOOF!





I'M
THETA. THIS IS
PAOLO.

IF YOU
WANT TO GET
THE HELL OFF THIS
PLANET, COME
WITH US.

NEXT

Theta Berwick is back, still hell bent on revenge, and her kill count is climbing!
Will she be the remaining survivors' savior or downfall?

PREDATOR #2



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